

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

In Tiny Human Stories Great Men Live Today

By Winifred Black

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WHO was the first man to sail around the world? Was it John Cabot or Sebastian who discovered the Western Islands, and was Sebastian John's son or his brother?

Let's see. One of them wore earmuffs and a tippet—I know that—and his picture was on the upper corner of the left-hand page of the fourth chapter in the World's History—or is it Leonardo Da Vinci and Art from the Beginning for Beginners I'm thinking of? Leonardo wore the earmuffs and the tippet, too, didn't he?

Where are the Straits of Magellan, and was it Sir Francis Drake, or Cortes or can it be it was Balboa who stood silent upon a peak in Darien and watched the blue Pacific come rolling over the white sand?

What! You don't know—you can't even guess—and you the head of your class in geography and not at the foot of your class in history, not so many years ago?

The little girl has an examination today and I had to hear her lesson last night. The little girl seems very small and very blue-eyed and very sweet, and just a little childish to me, but which I realized the questions she would answer, and answer for the most part correctly, in that test today, I felt like standing when she came into the room. Who would ever think that curly head could hide so much exalted knowledge?

Raleigh and His Cloak

The Cabots bother her a bit—she remembers the earmuffs and the tippet, too—but which is Cabot and which is Cabot's brother or son—that is, again, another story.

De Soto she remembers glibly—and so do I—don't you? I wonder why everybody remembers De Soto, and you couldn't forget Ponce de Leon to save your life. Who is there but loves to think of De Leon's voyage in the search for the Fountain of Youth?

Was he old when he took it, I wonder, and had he married him a young wife, or had he just begun to round into the hearty fifties, and did he want to stay fifty and hearty? Why did he cling so to the dream of youth—poor Ponce de Leon—and was it a very bitter ache to his heart when he found it was just a dream?

Christopher Columbus. Oh, wasn't he a lesson to all, with Queen Isabella and the crown jewels of Spain in the background, and the dungeon and the chains waiting for the return of the voyager? Sir Walter Raleigh—why, little curly locks couldn't forget him if she tried. There was the little mud puddle and the cloak and Elizabeth, Queen of England. Was the cloak of purple velvet, did I think, and edged with gold, or was it fashioned of sky blue satin with silver fringe, and did I suppose that the Queen's delicate slipper made much of a mark upon it—even in the mire?

How much we are all alike, after all. A man may sail around the world and pick continents out from the welter of the seas, and we don't care enough about him to remember. But if he played a trick with an egg and held his sailors from mutiny by it—that man we hold ever in the recesses of our brain and cannot forget him though we tried.

Men Love Kindly Deeds

De Gama, Magellan—what are they to us today but names? But who of us will ever forget that Richard the Lion-Hearted wore an armor of black and that a little foot page saw him out of a dungeon? How little we tell us how you tell of small account it all seems to be—the knowledge of the head it takes the knowledge of the heart to make us remember.

Whose face is that you see in the fire of a frosty evening? The face of the brilliant friend you admire, the strong face of the one who battled with the world and did not lose his fight, or the face of the simple human being, the one you loved long ago?

Here's to you and your cloak, Walter Raleigh—I'm glad you threw it in the mud for a proud Queen to walk upon. Here's to you and your search for the Fountain of Youth, De Leon of the trusting heart—I hope you've found the fountain long before now and drink deep of it whenever you are thirsty.

Good Christopher Columbus—some day shall we look upon your face and get you to tell us how you tell of the generous Queen believed you and had faith in your strange vision?

When I write a history I'm going to find out the human things about the great men. Tell me why you remember Alfred so well. Confess now, is it not the story of the burning cakes that fasten him in your mind?

John Cabot—was he the brother or the son, or perhaps even the father? Dear me, Curlylocks, I hope you remembered all that this morning when you wrote your answers in the test.

It is all very, very important—for it all happened very, very long ago.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$100.00 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

A MATTER OF SYSTEM

"DON'T know what to do for dinner, Oh Peter, I do wish you'd quit reading that horrid newspaper and think of something."

How tired I am of that eternal plaint. A woman who managed a country hotel most wonderfully told me once that there was absolutely no excuse for the woman who hadn't resource enough to think up attractive and varied meals.

"There are fully thirty tasty ways of preparing potatoes, yet the average housewife has them boiled, baked, mashed, and perhaps French fried, but her fertility of thought for food is gone. She goes no further. She doesn't try. It's true."

"Mary," I said, patiently, "why don't you make a systematic list of food things—all the different ways of preparing everything we have and keep a record of when he had a certain dish good. And a girl never thinks of doing that."

"There's a lot," I insisted. "For instance, we had a bully fig pudding something like three months ago. Why has that been retired on the pension list? It didn't really work hard enough to deserve an honorable discharge."

"I forgot about it," faltered Mary, coloring.

"Somebody told you a bully fig salad, and the Lord knows we need fig salads to keep from getting fat," I said again very meekly. "But you tried that just once and forgot it the day after."

"Mamma," said Mary with dignity and you're a systematic list of food about it—air. "Mamma never kept a list and mamma was an excellent manager, mamma was. I wish I was as good. And a girl never thinks of doing what her mother doesn't do."

That's painfully true. Mamma may have been a systematic list of food precedent in creation to follow, but the girl stumbles blindly along in her wake, making the same old errors and the same old fuss. Why can't a girl forget her mother's ways unless they're worth remembering, and deliberately create a menu of her own with something of her own individuality in it? I remember asking Mary one night why we never had spiced red cabbage such as the Germans do so wonderfully.

"Why, why, mamma never had it at home," she said, blissfully, "and I-I-I suppose for that reason I never thought of it. I make everything most like mamma's, with something of her own individuality in it. I remember asking Mary one night why we never had spiced red cabbage such as the Germans do so wonderfully."

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Splendor of the Orient, Riotous With Its Color, Marks Milady's Fall Wardrobe



By BETH JEFFRIES.

WHETHER or not Paris can support us now, in sartorial matters, is of little consequence, for the far East has long since become her serious rival.

From vague references, and a slight stimulation of the imagination, the Oriental influence in dress is fast becoming a fact.

If the United States is forced to take absolute charge of the fashion question this winter, we are in no tight place.

For the forecast from Paris has already been made, and the wave of Oriental influence which has been persistently invading Europe, and which has shown itself in a famous Chinese hall given in America recently, is a prolific field for new ideas.

The disappearance of the waist line was the opening for the Oriental invasion, for with that gone the most noticeable stride was made toward the Orientalization of fashions.

Then the outspread kimono styles in coats and dresses to be worn on the streets all has its significance in the march of events. What we call the handkerchief style coat, with the loose back, the long Turkish trousers which are worn under dancing frocks, and a dozen other innovations of the last season, all had for their starting place some far Eastern country.

The so-called military capes which have made their appearance lately are startlingly like the capes of the Turkish brigades, and the most popular opera cape of last winter was the richly embroidered, luxurious satin or silk creation out-spokenly from the Orient.

Up to the present date the Eastern influence on our styles has been rather traditional, and, more of an undercurrent, the impulse which it has made were not noticeable.

But with new and certain distinct invasion is brought out in its full importance.

A letter recently received from a Paris correspondent reads: "Paris is reveling in the splendors of the Orient—fashions that call to mind the legends of the Arabian Nights, the glamour of Tokyo and Peking, and the color orgy of an Indian durbar."

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"The Arab burnous. The caftan. Turkish 'brigand' cloaks. Indian and Turkish slippers. Persian hooded tunics. Turbans with plumes. Japanese 'fami' sunshades. Willow pattern sunshades. Mosque parasols. Fashions, once exclusively created in Paris, are now garnered in the East, and for East, the Turkish slipper, long popular in the boudoir, is now used for outdoor wear. Last week in the Place Vendôme, and at Armeonville, I saw the daintiest of Turkish slippers emerging from a trouser-skirt as their owner stepped down from her car."

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These at times emphasized the hues of the rose silk skirt, with its bodice and tunic of green crepe de chine.

"At a famous magazine near the Rue de Rivoli I was shown those slippers in every possible color and material—some of kid, embellished with a tiny gold crescent, and others of satin and panne, jeweled, embroidered and sandaled. These slippers are the most supple and comfortable of footwear."

"Persia has given us the lampshade and hooded tunics; Russia the tchertek model of a long caftan, with its deep folded waist-belt. Arabia and India contribute the turban, with the Eastern bird of paradise flitting back from its jeweled clasp; while the skirt closely draping the lower limbs has already been seen divided into the trousers of the Turkish beauty."

"Certain phases of modern fashions are due in no small degree to the revolutionary art of Aubrey Beardsley and other artists who were influenced by Japanese ideals."

"Until a few days ago no artist had the genius and courage to let his emotions riot in truthful expression on his canvas, and thus flout static traditions. But we have garments emerged from a lengthy obsession of gray and muddy half-tones into a radiance of chromatic tones. Small wonder if some of us were dazzled to blindness by the unfamiliar spectacle of gorgeous hues in our streets—honest rainbow hues, a joy to behold, and a fine stimulant to our faded senses."

"It is the designs of Bakat and the wonders of the Russian ballet which have provided the most startling innovations in fashion which have been seen for a century. The full skirts of our grandmothers shrank by slow degrees into the attenuated garments of the '80's, and conventions were not outraged even during the evolution of the hobble skirt and its immediate successors; but it has been left to Bakat, the iconoclast, to show women the possibilities which lie in freedom of line and color, or her frocks."

"Woman has been freed from hide-bound conventions, and has been given an individuality and independence of vision."

"But it is not alone the form of the dress that gives the effect of Orientalism, the burnous, the trouser-skirt—these are the accessories and the material itself that give the effect of the East. The sash is just such a means to the end in view, the plain and the gasha sash. It is being used with the tunic and the baouk, and is worn both high and low. That is, it is sometimes brought only to the middle of the back, and sometimes worn touching the shoulders, true gasha fashion."

"This, of course, is one of the little matters that we get from the Japanese; China contributes her mite in the soft and brilliantly colored silk ties as being used for clothes. And they are not all straight colors either, but rare mixtures of reds, yellows, greens, blues, and such. They are bright without being lurid, which is a difference that matters a lot. So it behooves Madame to be extremely wary about the texture and the color of her Eastern glamouring."

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why a Good, Sound Back Is Like an "S" Reversed

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A. M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

THE